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Yet know—this arm no Saxon fears,
Though Cambria's fields are wet with tears.

Again I hear the dire decree,
That bids fair Freedom cease to be ;
The world, that Edward wants, we give —
The good, the brave, disdain to live.

Yet England's sons, in future times,
Shall read in blood their father's crimes ;
Concealed in flowers * I see the spear,
The thorns that shall their vitals tear.

Yes, yes ! the day, that marks their doom,
Again shall see my country bloom—
To Britain—Britain's race restore,
And bid Contention cease to roar.

For me divides yon bursting cloud,
The flash † descends in summons loud ;
I rise to join yon hallow'd host,
Nor fall to swell a tyrant's boast. LLWYD.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

See pp. 29, and 30, *ante*.

I.

In winter's cold no cuckoo sings,
Ner sounds the harp without its strings,
Dumb too the heart, as well we know,
When stifling sorrow lurks below.

II.

In yonder wood, 'neath yon oak-tree,
Lay me, when I'm dead, I crave ;
And soon the minstrel youth you'll see
Tune his wild harp o'er my grave.

III.

The man, to whom the harp is dear,
Who loves the sound of song and ode,
Will cherish all that's cherish'd there,
Where angels hold their blest abode :

* This evidently alludes to the long and destructive war of the roses.

† In antient times, a flash of lightning was the Messenger sent for the favourites of Heaven.

But he, who loves not tune or strain,
 Nature to him no love has given;
 You'll see him, while his days remain,
 Hateful at once to earth and heaven *.

IV.

What noise and scandal fill my ear,
 One half the world to censure prone!
 Of all the faults, that thus I hear,
 None yet have told me of their own.

V.

When a star in splendour blazes,
 How each eye in rapture gazes!
 Let but a cloud its brilliance cover,
 And this wonder is all over.

VI.

Better than wine the flowing mead,
 Mead, beloved by bards of yore;
 Let wine to strife and madness lead,
 Mead unlocks the Muse's store †.

* The association of the love of music with the love of virtue is, by no means, uncommon. The poets of Italy, where Terpsichore has ever put on her most fascinating graces, make frequent allusions to it. And amongst the English, whose musical taste bears a strong resemblance with that of the Italians, may be found some fine poetical passages to the same effect. Of these the well-known lines of Shakespear, beginning

"The man who hath no music in himself,"

and the beautiful exordium of Congreve's "Mourning Bride" are the most remarkable. Yet to neither of these passages are the stanzas, above translated, inferior. On the contrary, by viewing the subject, as they do, in either light, they seem to have an advantage over the English lines. And there may, moreover, be discovered in them a sort of sympathy with the serious and plaintive character of the Welsh music. But this is a point, on which I must not dwell. The subject is already in far abler hands; and, no doubt, ample justice will be done to it by the gentleman, whose introductory letter on Welsh Music appears in a preceding page.—ED.

† Literally, "In mead is the gift of poetical genius."—The poets of all countries have been fond of appropriating this virtue to their favourite beverage. Amongst the antients Anacreon and Horace have been most profuse in their panegyrics on the subject. The latter even goes so far as to deny to water drinkers any claim to poetical inspiration. Thus he says,

"Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,

"Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus." EP.—Lib. i. Ep. 19.

Without undertaking to determine this important point, it may safely be presumed, that the lovers of mead had at least as strong a title to the favours of the Muses as the bibbers of wine. The produce of the honey-comb must have been, to the full, as pregnant with the gift of song as the juice of the grape. The Welsh poets abound in the praise of mead: and Taliesin, as before noticed, has left us a fine eulogium on this bardic beverage.—ED.

VII.

Behold yon birchen grove just by,
 It pains my bosom every minute;
 Yet 'tis not for the grove I sigh,
 * * * It is for her I saw within it.

W A L E S.

[Under this head will, in future, be collected all intelligence of moment relating to the modern state of Wales, whether of a local nature or not. The space, unexpectedly occupied by one or two articles, has encroached, in the present instance, upon that intended to be devoted to this purpose. In consequence, a few topics of interest are reluctantly reserved for another opportunity.—Ed.]

GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.—Of the various means, adopted to promote any patriotic objects, the establishment of national societies has ever been found the most effectual. In a foreign country, in particular, such associations are productive of peculiar benefit, by concentrating in one point those individual attachments and interests, which, from a want of this sympathetic union, are too apt to wither away. And moreover, the scattered rays, thus condensed, as it were, in a focus, cannot fail to acquire additional lustre and energy.

For this reason, a brief sketch of the Gwyneddigion Society, obviously originating in this principle, cannot but be congenial with the design of the CAMBRO-BRITON. This praiseworthy institution, at first confined, as the name indicates, to the men of North Wales, or Gwynedd, was established in London in 1771. Its founder was the late Mr. Owen Jones, whose benefactions to his country are shortly commemorated in a former part of this Number. Several other patriotic individuals united in the undertaking, proposing, as their objects, the illustration of the literature of Wales and the encouragement of her bards.

To promote these liberal views, they have, at different times, patronised several works connected with the Principality, and, amongst these, Mr. Parry's Welsh Melodies, Mr. Roberts's Welsh Geography, and, recently, the Translation of *Paradise Lost* by Mr. Pughe. But the chief aim of the Gwyneddigion Society has been to keep alive that attachment to their national music and poetry, by which, in days of yore, their country was so highly distinguished. With this view, they made an attempt, several years ago, to revive the antient Congresses of the Bards, and